

VISIT...

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“What I did on my summer vacation...”

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

SUMMER SPECIAL



The Lesson
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Babycakes
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Phil Felix
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The Devil's Absolution

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To My Son

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Old Wives' Tale

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Published by Epic Comics, Office of publication:
587 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

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"SISTER MARY FRANCIS KNEW
SHE WAS GOING TO HELL.

"SHE JUST DIDN'T
THINK IT'D BE SO
SOON.

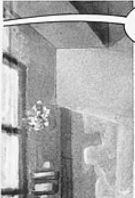


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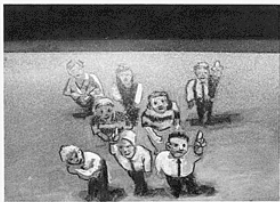
"SHE KNEW AS SOON AS SHE CAUGHT
HER EYE WANDERING OVER THE
COVER OF 'STUD BOY' MAGAZINE
WHILE SHOPPING FOR, UM, FEMININE
HYGIENE PRODUCTS AT THE FIVE-AND-
DIME.



"SO WHEN THE DEVILS TOOK
HER HAIR SHE FELT SHE WAS
GETTING JUST WHAT SHE
DESERVED."



"DEVILS"? ISN'T THAT
A BIT STRONG FOR REFER-
RING TO **CHILDREN**...
ESPECIALLY FOR A
CATHOLIC SCHOOL?

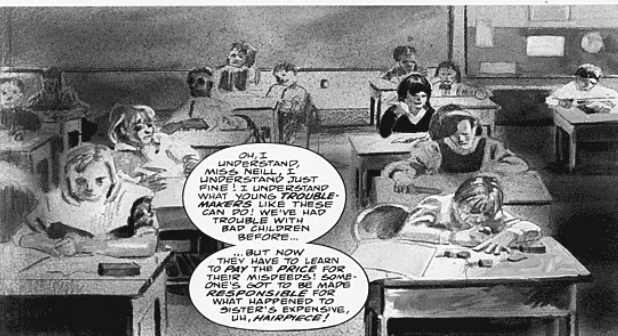


HER WORDS, MISS NEILL,
NOT MINE. AND YOUR PLACE
IS NOT TO QUESTION
SEMANTICS, BUT TO BRING
THE SISTER'S CLASS
BACK UNDER CONTROL.



WHAT A **NIGHTMARE!**
AND THE SEMESTER BARELY
BEGUN!

THEY'RE FRESH
BACK FROM **SUMMER**
VACATION, FATHER PARADY,
YOU HAVE TO BE UNDER-
STANDING THAT THEY
NEED TIME TO REARJUST...



OH, I
UNDERSTAND,
MISS NEILL, I
UNDERSTAND JUST
FINE! I UNDERSTAND
WHAT **YOUNG TROUBLE-**
MAKERS LIKE THESE
CAN DO! WE'VE HAD
TROUBLE WITH
BAD CHILDREN
BEFORE...

... BUT NOW
THEY HAVE TO LEARN
TO PAY THE PRICE FOR
THEIR MISDEEDS! SOME-
ONE'S GOT TO BE MADE
RESPONSIBLE FOR
WHAT HAPPENED TO
SISTER'S EXPENSIVE,
UH, **HAIRPIECE!**





NINE MONTHS.

NINE MONTHS OF WHITENESS, AND LONELINESS, AND FEELING THE CHILD GROW INSIDE HER.

babycakes

Faye Perovich
writer
Gerry Lalac
artist
Phil Felix
letterer



NINE MONTHS OF WAITING--WAITING TO SEE HIM, TO TOUCH HIM--

--TO RECEIVE WHAT HE HAD PROMISED TO GIVE.



NO FEAR, JUST--NINE MONTHS--

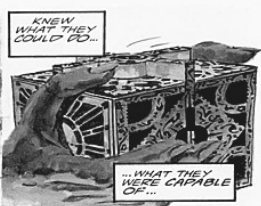


IT WOULD BE SOON.





SHE KNEW
OF THE
CENOBITES.



KNEW
WHAT THEY
COULD DO...

...WHAT THEY
WERE CAPABLE
OF...



THEY HAD TAKEN
CHILDREN.



PERHAPS THEY
COULD GIVE
HER ONE.



PERHAPS THEY
COULD MAKE
A DEAL.



OR PERHAPS
SHE COULD FIND
AN EXTRAORDINARY
CENOBITE.



...ONE WITH WHOM
SHE COULD PRODUCE
AN EXTRAORDINARY
CHILD.



WELL.

ANOTHER
LOST
LAMB.

IF SHE COULD SOLVE
THE PUZZLE-- OPEN
THE GATES, TO HIM...



WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT?





A
CHILD IS
POSSIBLE.
MANY
CHILDREN
ARE
POSSIBLE.

YES,
MANY
CHILDREN

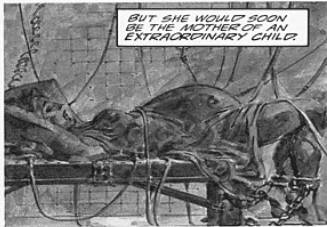
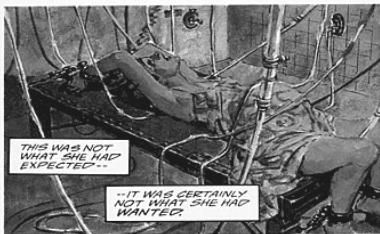
"MANY
CHILDREN."

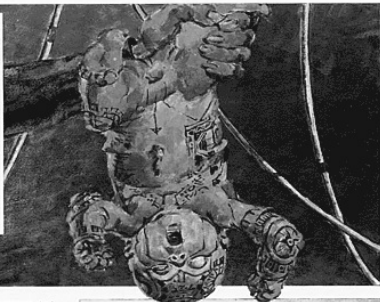
MAKE
YOURSELF
READY
TO RECEIVE
THE
FIRST
CHILD.

READY
WHEN YOU
ARE...

OH, I'M
ALWAYS
READY.

NO!!!



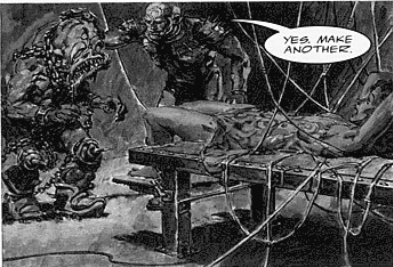




PROPERLY HANDLED, YOUR
CHILDREN WILL OPEN THE
DOORWAY TO A NEW
REALM IN HELL.



AREN'T
YOU
PROUD?



YES. MAKE
ANOTHER.



NO,
PLEASE...
NO...



ANOTHER
NINE MONTHS.

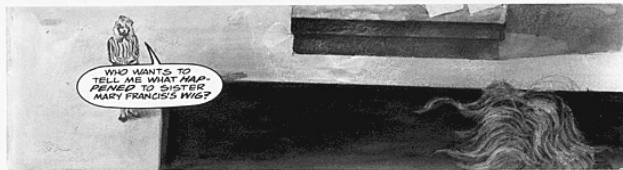
AND
ANOTHER...

... AND ANOTHER.



BUT THEN, SHE HAD
PLENTY OF TIME.

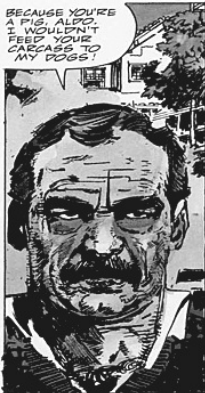
ALL THE TIME
IN HELL.



THE DEVIL'S ABSOLUTION

SUMMER, 1966.
THE MAS DES
PINEDES, NEAR
MARSEILLES...

R.J.M. Loficier
writer
Jorge Zallino
artist
Christie Scheele
color artist
Phil Felix
letterer



YOU'VE BEEN SELLING
DRUGS INSIDE FRANCE...

...AGAINST
MY ORDERS!



THE
FAMILY NEEDS
TO MOVE
WITH THE
TIMES,
MEME...



JE TE
PLUMERAI...



...YOUR CONSCIENCE IS
OUT OF DATE!

SIT
DOWN,
ALDO. I'M
STILL LE
PATRON!



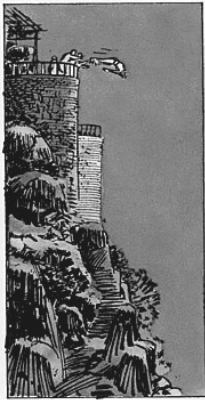
MAYBE
YOU'RE
OUT OF
DATE,
TOO!

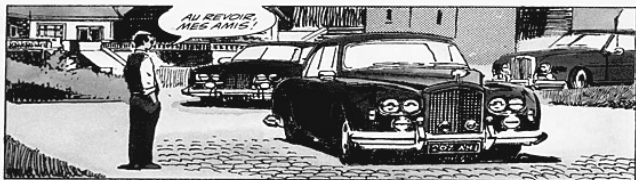
MAYBE
WE NEED
NEW
BLOOD...



NEW
DIR...

BAM!





AU REVOIR
MES AMIS!



ANNE! ANNE!
WHERE ARE
YOU, MY
PICHOUNE?



AH!
THERE
YOU
ARE!

JS
ALOUETTE.

WHY
ARE YOU
HIDING
FROM YOUR
PAPI?



SHOULD WE PLAY
CACHE-CACHE?

YOUR GRANDPAPA
IS FINISHED
WITH HIS
BUSINESS...



COME ON THE
TERRACE. WE'LL
WATCH THE
SUNSET TO-
GETHER.

WHAT
WERE YOU
SINGING
JUST NOW?
ALOUETTE?

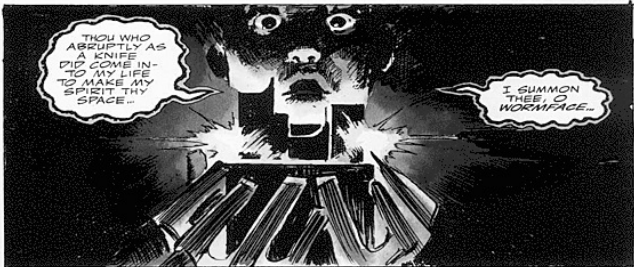


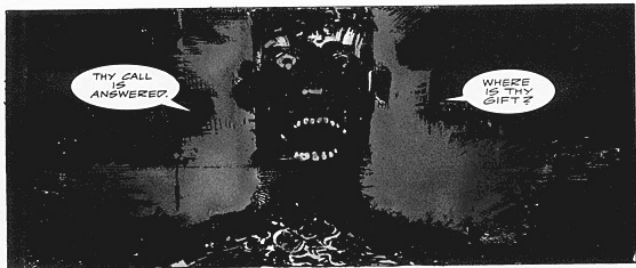
"ALOUETTE, ♪
GENTILLE
ALOUETTE..."

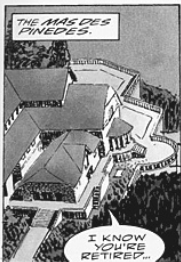
I KNOW THAT
ONE. LET'S SING
IT TOGETHER...











BECAUSE WE KNEW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. FERNAND, WE DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO TO SURVIVE.



WE WENT TO CHURCH, TAUGHT OUR KIDS ABOUT MORALITY. NO ONE TOUCHED THE DRUGS.

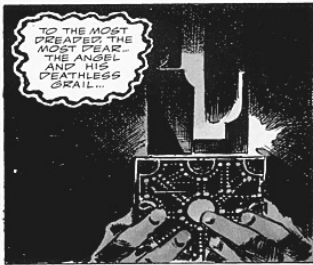








WHY NOT?
YOU'VE PLAYED
YOUR PART,
NOW THE TIME'S
COME FOR YOU
TO LEAVE THE
STAGE!





ZOEKING

THY CALL IS ANSWERED.

WHERE IS THY GIFT?



YOUR LITTLE LAMB'S ALL READY. I'LL CARVE THE BITCH UP...



ANIEE!

BAM!

BAM!



DO NOT TOUCH MY PETITE FILLE!

ANNIE, YOUR PAPI'S COME TO TAKE YOU HOME!

HOW DARE YOU INTERFERE
WITH ME, OLD MAN ?!



GREAT ONE!
I COMMAND YOU
TO MAKE THIS
FOOL FEAR YOUR
PRESENCE!



SPUT!



DO YOU
THINK HE
CARES ?
IMBECILES TO
HIM, YOU'RE
PIGS, MEAT
ANIMALS...

JUST
LIKE THE
NAZIS.



AND
YOU'LL
DIE LIKE
THEM!

BAM!



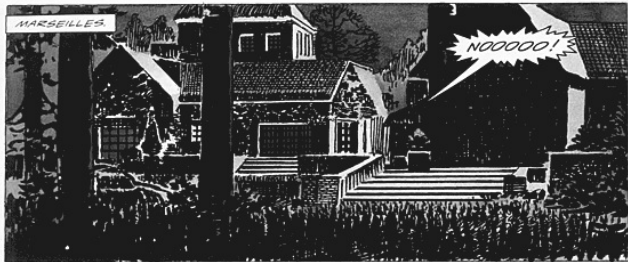












MAKSEILLES.

NOOOOO!



NO!
DON'T!



WHAT'S
WRONG?



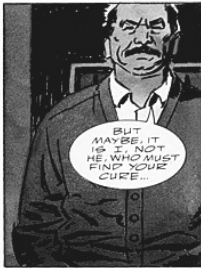
IT'S ALL RIGHT,
SHE HAD A
NIGHTMARE ...

AGAIN?



PAPI... SOB... I...
I'M SORRY...

IT'S ALL
RIGHT, PICHOU-
NETTE, GO BACK
TO SLEEP.
DOCTOR ARMAND
WILL BE BACK
TOMORROW...



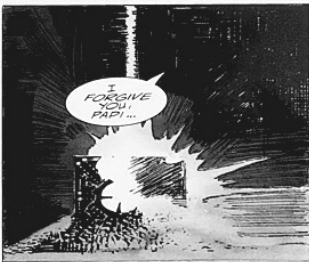
BUT
MAYBE, IT
IS I, NOT
HE, WHO MUST
FIND YOUR
CURE...



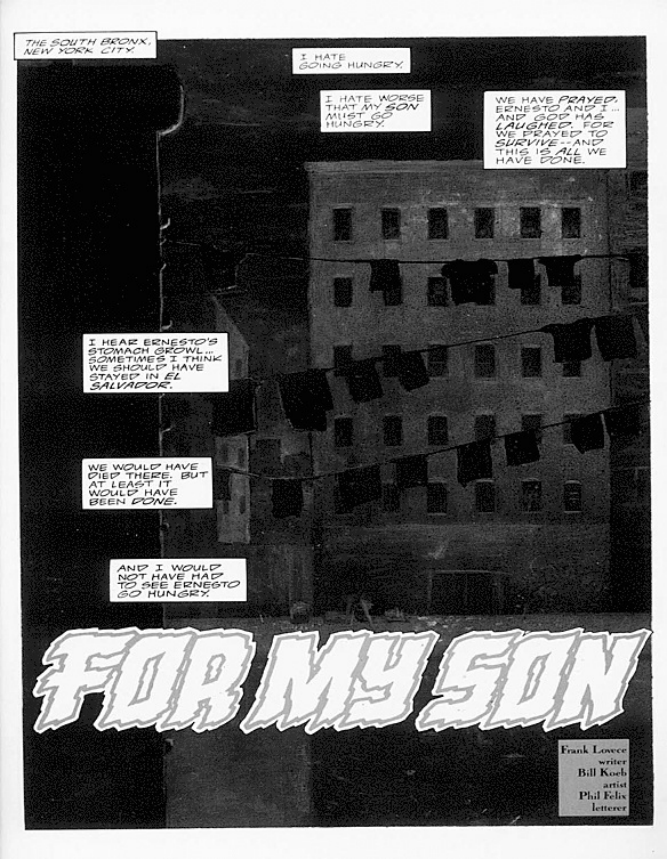


I ALWAYS WAS
THE SOURCE OF
HER PAIN. WHEN
A BRANCH IS
ROTTEN, IT
MUST BE CUT.
SHE'LL BE FREE
NOW. WON'T
SHE?









THE SOUTH BRONX,
NEW YORK CITY

I HATE
GOING HUNGRY.

I HATE WORSE
THAT MY SON
MUST GO
HUNGRY.

WE HAVE PRAYED.
ERNESTO AND I ...
AND GOD HAS
LAUGHED. FOR
WE PRAYED TO
SURVIVE--AND
THIS IS ALL WE
HAVE DONE.

I HEAR ERNESTO'S
STOMACH GROWL ...
SOMETIMES I THINK
WE SHOULD HAVE
STAYED IN EL
SALVADOR.

WE WOULD HAVE
DIED THERE. BUT
AT LEAST IT
WOULD HAVE
BEEN DONE.

AND I WOULD
NOT HAVE HAD
TO SEE ERNESTO
GO HUNGRY.

FOR MY SON

Frank Lovece
writer
Bill Koeb
artist
Phil Felix
letterer



< ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT,
ERNESTO? >

SI,
PAPA.

BUENO.
< SAY YOUR
PRAYER'S NOW,
ERNESTO. SAY
HELLO TO YOUR
MAMA IN
HEAVEN. >

< I WILL,
PAPA. ARE
YOU HUNGRY
TOO, PAPA? >

< YOU
KNOW,
ERNESTO, IF
WE GO TO SLEEP
NOW, WE
WON'T FEEL
HUNGRY. >

< AND
TOMORROW
MORNING,
THEY'LL HAVE
BREAKFAST
FOR YOU AT
SCHOOL. >

SI,
PAPA.

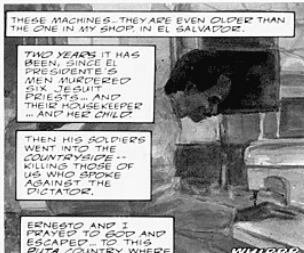
< NOOOO...
NO, I'M
FINE. >

< GO TO
SLEEP NOW,
ERNESTO. I
LOVE YOU.
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
CRY. >

N-NO,
PAPA.
BUENOS
NOCHES.
GOOD-
NIGHT.

GOOD-
NIGHT.









I DO AS HE SAYS.
I CANNOT HAVE
HIM CALL LA
MIGRA ON ME.

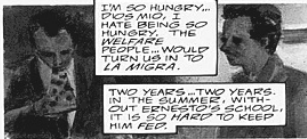
NINE HOURS
A DAY, TWO
DOLLARS AN
HOUR.

AFTER RENT AND
ELECTRICITY, ERNESTO
AND I HAVE PENNIES
LEFT FOR CLOTHING
AND FOOD.

IT COSTS ME AN HOUR JUST TO PAY FOR TWO
SUBWAY TOKENS. I CANNOT SLIP THROUGH
WITHOUT PAYING, AS I SEE SO MANY OTHERS
DO.

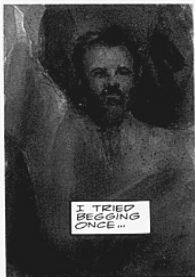


FOR ERNESTO'S SAKE, I CAN-
NOT RISK LA POLICIA FOR
ANYTHING.



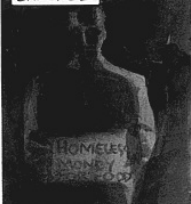
I'M SO HUNGRY...
DIOS MIO, I
HATE BEING SO
HUNGRY. THE
WELFARE
PEOPLE... WOULD
TURN US IN TO
LA MIGRA.

TWO YEARS... TWO YEARS.
IN THE SUMMER, WITH-
OUT ERNESTO'S SCHOOL,
IT IS SO HARD TO KEEP
HIM FED.



I TRIED
BEGGING
ONCE...

PEOPLE LOOKED AT ME
WITH SPIT IN THEIR
EYES, LIKE I WERE
GARBAGE.



AND ERNESTO... THE LOOK
ON HIS FACE... THAT NIGHT
I CRIED HARDER THAN
WHEN HIS MOTHER DIED.



I CANNOT BEG AGAIN.
I WOULD RATHER SELL
MY SOUL TO THE
DEVIL.



TODAY I WAS
PAID. TODAY
I BUY FOOD.

A SACK OF
RICE... SOME
DRIED BEANS.
SAME AS ALWAYS,
WEEK AFTER
WEEK. ALL WE
CAN AFFORD
AND EVEN THIS
RUNS OUT.



<PAPA! GOOD
EVENING!>

<GOOD
EVENING,
ERNESTO.
I HAVE A
SURPRISE
TONIGHT.>

SI?



<I SAVED AND BOUGHT
PLANTAINS! FRESH ONES!
AND MILK! THE BEANS
NEED TO SOAK OVERNIGHT
SO-- TONIGHT WE'LL HAVE
A TREAT!>

PAPA!
PAPA!



I POUR ICE INTO THE
BUCKET THAT SERVES
AS OUR REFRIGERATOR.

ERNESTO
SPREADS THE
GROCERY BAG
ON THE FLOOR,
SO I'LL HAVE
A CLEAN SUR-
FACE TO CUT
THE PLANTAINS.

WE HAVE
NO TABLE.

WE
HAVE
NO OVEN.



EVERYTHING WE HAVE, WE
FOUND ON THE STREET.



BUT TONIGHT, THE PLANTAINS
ARE GOOD, AND MY DINNER
COMPANION IS WONDERFUL.



THE AIR FEELS NEW AND FRESH THIS MORNING AS I WALK FROM THE SUBWAY TO WORK. THINGS SEEM CLEARER TODAY. EVEN THE LORD JESUS KNEW THAT PEOPLE THINK BETTER WHEN THEY ARE FED.



FROM THE GARBAGE, I FISH OUT FIVE DEPOSIT BOTTLES -- ENOUGH FOR A PHONE CALL.

I HAD SEEN AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE SUBWAY -- "PROJECT REFUGEE." I WILL CALL THEM -- ASK FOR HELP.



AND I PRAY TO LORD JESUS THAT THIS IS NOT LA MIGRA IN DISGUISE.

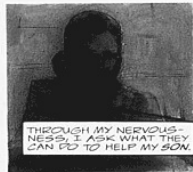


GOOD MORNING, RIVERVIEW CHURCH. PROJECT REFUGEE.

OLA, SENORA. ¿HABLA ESPANOL?

¿SI?

ON A MATCHBOOK, I WRITE DOWN THEIR ADDRESS.



THROUGH MY NERVOUSNESS, I ASK WHAT THEY CAN DO TO HELP MY SON.



WITH A START, I SUDDENLY REALIZE IT HAS BEEN WEEKS SINCE I'VE SPOKEN SPANISH WITH ANYONE BUT ERNESTO.



AND THEN I LOOK UP AND REALIZE SOMETHING ELSE.

THAT SOMETHING IS TERRIBLY WRONG.



WHY'RE YOU BUSTING MY CHOPS? YOU GOT NO RIGHT! I'M JUST A SHOPKEEPER. WHY DON'T YOU GO AFTER SOME DRUG DEALERS, SOME WALL STREET "BOOKS"?

OH HHHH!
YOU SPEAK ENGLISH
NOW THAT WE'VE
GOTTEN A TRANS-
LATOR. CUTE.

NOW UNLOCK
THAT DOOR--NOW--
AND LET THESE
IMMIGRATION PEOPLE
UP...OR IN FIVE
MINUTES WE GET A
BATTERING RAM.

AND? LEAWE TELL YOU SOME THIN', PAL: IF YOU GOT ILLEGALS IN A SWEAT SHOP UP THERE, YOUR WONTONS ARE IN SERIOUS SOUP!



!DIOS
MIO!
!LA
MIGRA!

MR.
LI!
WHAT'S
HE
SAYING?



YOU WANT
ILLEGALS,
MAN?!

THERE!
THERE'S ONE
NOW! GET
HIM!



OH MY GOD! NO! THEY
CAN'T! THEY CAN'T
SEND US BACK!

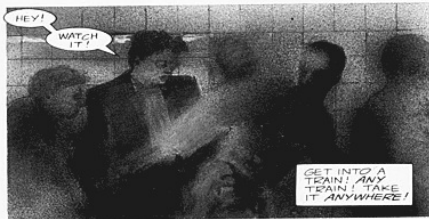


THEY'LL KILL US IN EL
SALVADOR! THEY'LL
KILL ERNESTO!

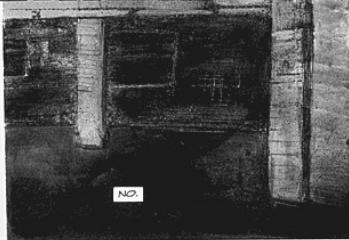


HEY! FAREBEATER!
STOP!

GO GO GO GO GO GO!
RUN INTO THE SUBWAY
MAZE! THERE IS NO
OTHER HOPE!



SKREEEEEEEEEEEECH





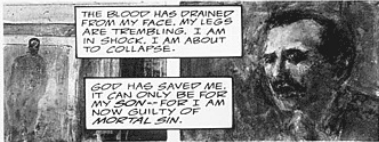
OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN HALLOWED BE THY NAME THY KINGDOM COME THY WILL BE DONE



WHOOOOO SSSHHHHHHH



THRUUUUUU THRUUUUUU THRUUUUUUUUU



THE BLOOD HAS DRAINED FROM MY FACE. MY LEGS ARE TREMBLING, I AM IN SHOCK, I AM ABOUT TO COLLAPSE.

GOD HAS SAVED ME. IT CAN ONLY BE FOR MY SON - FOR I AM NOW GUILTY OF MORTAL SIN.



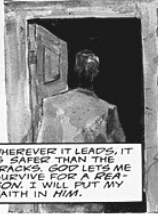
WHAT?



MAINT
DIV



A
ROOM.



WHEREVER IT LEADS, IT IS SAFER THAN THE TRACKS. GOD LETS ME SURVIVE FOR A REASON. I WILL PUT MY FAITH IN HIM.



BLACK AS THE GRAVE.
I SUPPOSE THIS IS AN
OLD TOOL SHED-- I
HEAR NO MACHINES.

I CAN WAIT HERE
UNTIL THE EARLY
MORNING... FEW
TRAINS RUN THEN.
THE TRACKS WILL
BE SAFER.

BUT... ALL THOSE HOURS
WITHOUT FOOD? WATER?
AND MY HEAD IS BLEED-
ING... I COULD DIE HERE
AND ERNESTO WILL BE
ALONE!

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER
PATH TO THE SURFACE--
TO ANOTHER STATION
AT LEAST.



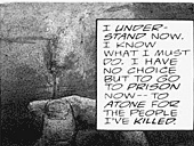
FOR
ERNESTO'S
SAKE ...



... I WILL FIND A WAY OUT
OF HERE-- EVEN IF I MUST
WALK THROUGH HELL ITSELF.

HMMM...

YES...

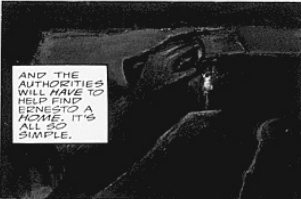


I UNDER-
STAND NOW.
I KNOW
WHAT I MUST
DO. I HAVE
NO CHOICE
BUT TO GO
TO PRISON
NOW-- TO
ATONE FOR
THE PEOPLE
I'VE KILLED



BUT AT LEAST THAT MEANS... I WILL NOT BE
SENT BACK. AND SO, NEITHER WILL ERNESTO.

I WILL FIND MY
WAY OUT... TURN
MYSELF IN...



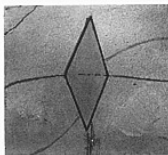
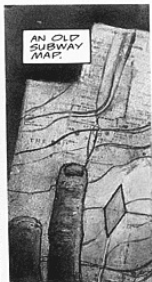
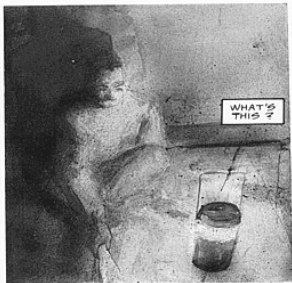
AND THE
AUTHORITIES
WILL HAVE TO
HELP FIND
ERNESTO A
HOME. IT'S
ALL SO
SIMPLE.

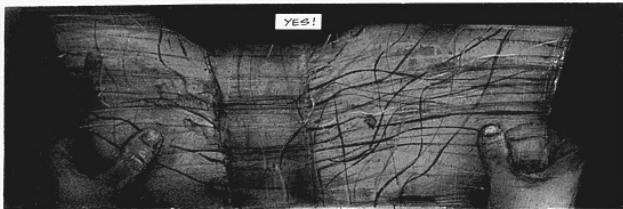


A TRICKLE OF
OIL. THE LORD
PROVIDES.



AND HE SHOWS
ME THE WAY.





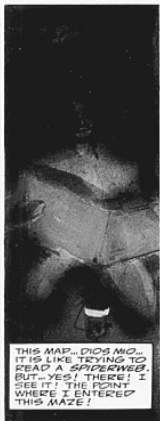
YES!



THESE ARE
THE TRACKS--
THE SWITCH-
ING YARDS--
--MAINTE-
NANCE
TUNNELS!



MY ENGLISH IS
POOR-- BUT I
KNOW WHERE I
ENTERED THE
TRACKS. CANAL
STREET-- THE
N AND R LINES.



THIS MAP... DIOS MIO...
IT IS LIKE TRYING TO
READ A SPIDERWEB.
BUT-- YES! THERE! I
SEE IT! THE POINT
WHERE I ENTERED
THIS MAZE!



I CAN DO THIS
-- I CAN FIND
MY WAY OUT.
THIS IS NO
MORE THAN A
PUZZLE-- A
GAME! THAT'S
ALL... A LITTLE
GAME!



AND I SEE ALREADY--
THAT ALL PATHS LEAD TO
THIS DIAMOND. I HAVE
NO CHOICE-- THIS IS
THE ONLY WAY OUT.



AND I DO NOT
CARE IF IT LEADS
TO THE DEVIL HIM-
SELF-- IF IT MEANS
THAT ERNESTO WILL
BE SAFE.





SAFE!

A YEAR HAS PASSED, IT HAS SEEMED LIKE SO MUCH LONGER.

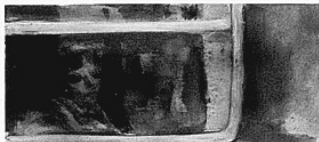
I AM TOLD THAT ERNESTO IS SAFE. HE DOES WELL AT SCHOOL. I WISH HE COULD VISIT, BUT I AM TOLD THAT WOULD NOT BE FOR THE BEST.



HE HAS FOUND A NEW HOME, WITH LEGAL GUARDIANS.



AND I MUST HAVE FAITH THAT THEY ARE TEACHING HIM TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT.



FASTER, PEOPLE! LET'S GO! WE'RE BEHIND IN OUR ORDERS! WHAT DO I PAY YOU FOR?



SEÑOR LI?



WHAT? WHO LET THIS KID IN HERE? WHOSE KID IS THIS? GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE--NOW!

SEÑOR LI,
I AM A
CUSTOMER.



I REPRESENT A FAMILY
FROM COLOMBIA. WE ARE
INVOLVED IN...IMPORT AND
EXPORT.

I HAVE BEEN SENT TO
TELL YOU MY FAMILY NEEDS
SEVERAL...SPECIALLY LINED
JACKETS TO BE MADE.



HMMM.

YOU GOT
MONEY? ON YOU?

YES,
SEÑOR.

WELL?
WHAT'RE
YOU WAITING
FOR? LET'S
SEE IT.

HMM...I CAN DO THE
JACKETS AND THE LIN-
ING, NO PROBLEM. YOU
WANT THIS PATTERN ON
THE BACK?

YES.

SEÑOR, THE
PATTERN IS MOST
IMPORTANT.



IT MUST BE CONTIN-
UOUS, SO THAT WE
CAN THREAD TUBING
INSIDE, AND THIS
PARTICULAR PATTERN.
SEÑOR--YOU COULD
SAFELY SAY IT IS OUR
FAMILY CREST.



LOOKS
LIKE A
PAIN IN
THE ASS.
A CON-
TINUOUS
LINE?

YOU
GOT A
PAPER
PATTERN
I CAN
WORK
FROM?

NO, SEÑOR, THAT
IS YOUR JOB. MY
FAMILY PAYS EX-
TREMELY WELL FOR
QUALITY WORK...
AND QUIET WORK.



GOT-
CHA.

YOU CAN DO IT
RIGHT AWAY--
IMMEDIATELY?



NO PROBLEM!
I'LL HAVE A
SAMPLE FOR
YOU TOMORROW.

THANK YOU,
SEÑOR. SOME-
ONE FROM MY
FAMILY... WILL
BE IN TOUCH.



CHRIST, LOOK
AT THE TIME--
PAST MID-
NIGHT.

DAMN THEM COKEHEAD
COLOMBIANS. HOW THE
HELL THEY EXPECT ANY-
ONE TO FIGURE OUT
THIS STUPID DESIGN?



WELL--THEY CAME TO
THE RIGHT PLACE.
I ALMOST GOT THIS
SUCKER LICKER.

OKAY, NOW. SLIP THIS
PIECE THROUGH HERE,
BRING IT BACK AROUND.
KEEP THE TUBE FROM
KINKING OVER HERE...



I GOT
IT!

YES! DAMN, I'M GOOD!
I'M GONNA MAKE SOME
BUCKS ON THIS.



AND Y'KNOW
...NOW I'M
THINKING...
SUPPOSE I GIVE
A TIP TO THE RA--
SOME INFORMATION
I CAN OFFER TO
TRADE HIM BE-
FORE MY TRIAL
COMES UP...



SURE! WHY WOULD
THEY WANT ME WHEN
THEY CAN HAVE SOME
COLOMBIAN DRUG
RUNNERS? NOBODY
REALLY GIVES A
SHIT ABOUT SWEAT
SHOPS ANYWAY.



JEEZ, WHAT
A NIGHT.
WHAT--?

WHAT'S THAT--
FLASHLIGHT?

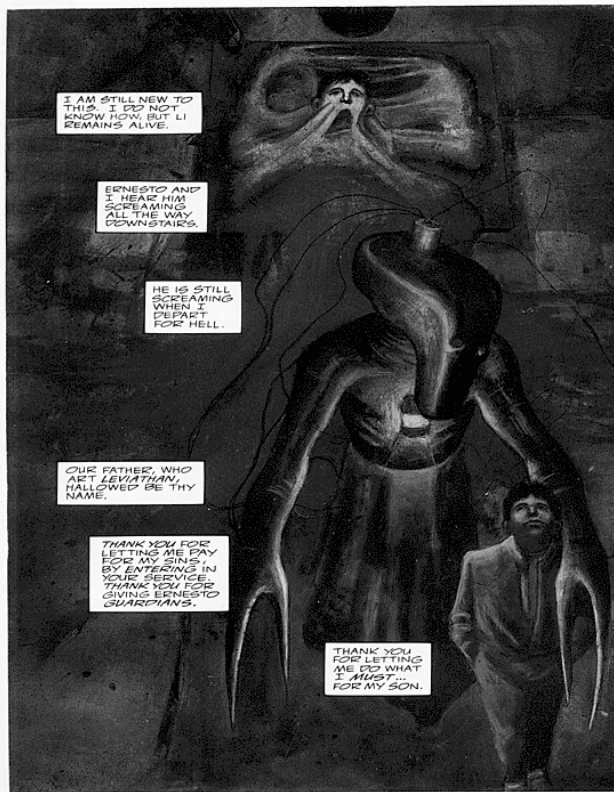


SOME GODDAMN
THIEF IN MY
FACTORY! MAY-
BE SOME
INSPECTOR!

DROP IT,
PAL! OR I
BLOW YER
DAMN FACE
OFF!



YOUR
FACE--YOUR
FACE...!



I AM STILL NEW TO
THIS. I DO NOT
KNOW HOW, BUT LI
REMAINS ALIVE.

ERNESTO AND
I HEAR HIM
SCREAMING
ALL THE WAY
DOWNSTAIRS.

HE IS STILL
SCREAMING
WHEN I
DEPART
FOR HELL.

OUR FATHER, WHO
ART LEVIATHAN,
HALLOWED BE THY
NAME.

THANK YOU FOR
LETTING ME PAY
FOR MY SINS,
BY ENTERING IN
YOUR SERVICE.
THANK YOU FOR
GIVING ERNESTO
GUARDIANS.

THANK YOU
FOR LETTING
ME DO WHAT
I MUST...
FOR MY SON.



OLD WIVES' TALE

IT'S RECESS AT P.S. 147 IN NEW YORK CITY. A TIME FOR CHILDREN TO INDULGE IN THOSE SILLY GAMES THAT THEY PLAY: KICKBALL, DODGE-BALL, PEEK, DUCK, GOOSE...

Barry Dutter
writer
Steven Johnson
artist
Phil Felix
letterer

STEP ON A CRACK AND YOU'LL BREAK YOUR MOTHER'S BACK... ♪ ♪



TINA CARRUTHERS' FAVORITE GAME IS HOPSCOTCH, BUT AFTER TODAY, SHE'LL NEVER PLAY IT AGAIN.

STEP ON A CRACK AND YOU'LL BREAK YOUR MOTHER'S BACK... STEP... ♪ ♪

TINA LIVES WITH HER PARENTS IN A NICE APARTMENT IN THE CITY. MRS. CARRUTHERS SPENDS HER DAYS CLEANING, DOING LAUNDRY, AND WATCHING SOAP OPERAS.



...ON A CRACK...

...AND BREAK YOUR MOTHER'S BACK!

HER ONLY COMPLAINT IS HAVING TO TWISTLE UP AND DOWN THE STAIRS ALL DAY LONG.



THE DOCTORS SAID MRS. CARRUTHERS WOULD NEVER WALK AGAIN. ONLY TINA KNEW THE REAL REASON WHY.



AFTER HER MOTHER'S ACCIDENT, TINA STOPPED PLAYING WITH THE OTHER KIDS.

INSTEAD, SHE SPENT HER RECESS FIDDLING WITH A STRANGE PUZZLE.



TINA DIDN'T TALK TO ANYONE. SHE WOULDN'T EVEN EAT LUNCH. ALL SHE WANTED TO DO WAS PLAY WITH HER BOX.

TINA'S DARK MOOD CAUGHT THE EYE OF HER TEACHER, EVELYN WONG.

TINA'S WITHDRAWING INTO HER OWN LITTLE WORLD THAT'S GOT TO STOP.



HI, TINA. HOW COME YOU'RE NOT PLAYING WITH THE OTHER KIDS?

I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING.



TINA, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN VERY SAD SINCE YOUR MOTHER'S ACCIDENT, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST UNDERSTAND!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MOTHER WAS NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU HAVE TO STOP BLAMING YOURSELF.

YOU'RE WRONG, MISS WONG. IT WAS MY FAULT!

I STEPPED ON A CRACK, AND I BROKE HER BACK!



TINA, THAT'S JUST A SILLY RHYME! THAT'S NOT REAL!

LISTEN TO ME. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I USED TO BELIEVE THERE WERE MONSTERS UNDER MY BED. THEN I GREW UP AND REALIZED IT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION.

OF COURSE I DO. I'LL GIVE IT BACK WHEN I FEEL YOU'RE READY FOR IT.



NOW, RUN ALONG AND PLAY.

LOTS OF TIMES WE BELIEVE THINGS WHEN WE'RE YOUNG. BUT THEN WE FIND OUT THE TRUTH WHEN WE GROW UP. DON'T GO ON BLAMING YOURSELF FOR SOMETHING YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH.

NOW, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME THAT BOX, AND GO OFF AND PLAY WITH YOUR FRIENDS?

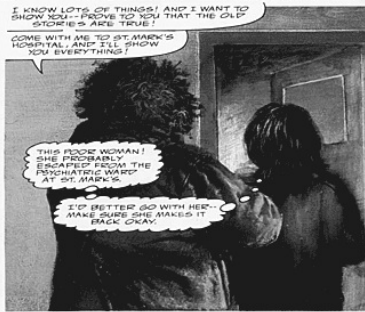
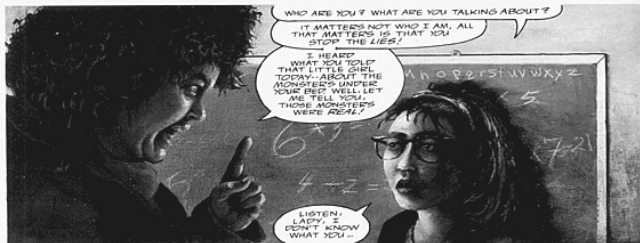
DO YOU PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF IT?



MAKE SURE YOU TAKE CARE OF IT, MISS WONG! I NEED IT BACK!

I WILL! RUN ALONG NOW!





YOU SEE, MISS WONG, THERE'S A REASON THE OLD STORIES ARE STILL AROUND. THEY WERE CREATED BY THE CENOBITES AS A WAY OF ESTABLISHING ORDER.

CENOB--?

SHUSH!
DON'T TALK.
JUST LISTEN.

IT WAS FELT THAT THE BEST WAY TO RUN AN ORDERLY UNIVERSE IS TO REACH PEOPLE WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG.

CHILDREN ARE VERY TRUSTING, MISS WONG. THEY TEND TO BELIEVE ANYTHING THEY'RE TOLD-- ESPECIALLY WHAT THEY'RE TOLD BY THEIR PARENTS... OR TEACHERS.

THE OLD STORIES HAVE BEEN PASSED DOWN THROUGH THE AGES. THAT'S WHY YOU HEARD THE SAME STORIES YOUR PARENTS DID-- AND WHY CHILDREN ARE STILL HEARING THEM TODAY.

EVELYN WONG HAS LIVED IN THE CITY HER ENTIRE LIFE. SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER EVER SEEING THIS HOSPITAL BEFORE.

IT'S STRANGELY QUIET. WHERE ARE ALL THE DOCTORS AND NURSES, EVELYN WONDERES... LET ALONE ALL THE PATIENTS?

EVELYN FEELS A COLD CHILL AS SHE WALKS DOWN THE EMPTY CORRIDOR: A SUBTLE FOREBODING, AS IF SHE'S BEING LED INTO A TRAP.

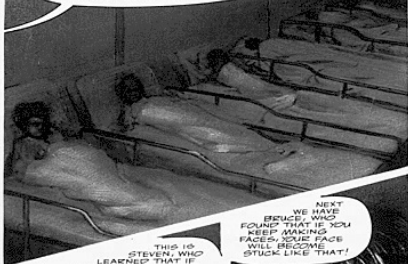
THIS WAY, MISS WONG. I WANT TO TAKE YOU TO A VERY SPECIAL WING OF THE HOSPITAL...

AH, YES. HERE WE ARE. THE WING OF THE CHILDREN WHO CAN'T BELIEVE. LET'S GO INSIDE.

OBSERVE, MISS WONG.
WITNESS THE FATES OF
THE UNBELIEVERS.



THESE ARE THE FORGOTTEN CHILDREN;
THE UNWANTED; DOOMED TO SPEND
THE REST OF THEIR LIVES PAYING
FOR ONE SMALL SIN.



NEXT
WE HAVE
BRUCE, WHO
FOUND THAT IF YOU
KEEP MAKING
FACES, YOUR FACE
WILL BECOME
STUCK LIKE THAT!



THIS IS
STEVEN, WHO
LEARNED THAT IF
YOU TOUCH YOURSELF
TOO OFTEN, YOUR PALMS
WILL GROW HAIR, AND
YOU'LL GO BLIND!



HERE IS TOMMY, WHO
FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN YOU SIT TOO CLOSE
TO THE T.V. SET.



THEN THERE'S DAVID,
WHO JUST FOUND THAT
IF YOU DIE IN YOUR
DREAMS, YOU DIE
IN REAL LIFE!



FINALLY, WE HAVE JACK, WHO
CROSSED HIS HEART AND HOPED
TO DIE...SO SOMEBODY STUCK
A NEEDLE IN HIS EYE!



OH MY
LORD...



THOSE
POOR
CHILDREN...

WHAT KIND OF
HOSPITAL IS
THIS? THESE
CHILDREN NEED
HELP!

I'M
GOING TO
GET A
DOCTOR!

AND YOU... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOUR
CONNECTION IS TO
ALL THIS, OR HOW
YOU KNEW ABOUT
THE MONSTERS UN-
DER MY BED...

OH, MISS
WONG... YOU
STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
DO YOU?

SOME
PEOPLE NEVER DO--
NEVER CAN, YOU'RE NOT
ONE OF THOSE,
ARE YOU?

THERE IS
STILL TIME
TO SHOW
YOU.

MY GOD!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO YOU?!

NO ONE
IS COMING TO
HELP THESE
CHILDREN.
THEY ARE SEE-
YONG HELP.

THESE
TALES... THEY ARE A WAY OF IN-
STILLING ORDER IN THE MINDS
OF THE YOUNG; OF STRUCTURING
THEIR LIVES.

FOR, AS IN ANY WAR, THE
VALUE OF PROPAGANDA
CANNOT BE UNDER-
ESTIMATED, AS A TOOL.

BUT IT IS ONLY
A DEVICE--AS IS THIS
FLESH--AND THE PUZZLE
BOX IN YOUR
POSSESSION.

YOU SEE,
MISS WONG-- I
SERVE IN SUCH A
WAR. MY FUNCTION
IS AS THE GUARDIAN
OF THAT BOX YOU
TOOK FROM THE
LITTLE GIRL.

OH!

AND I
WANT YOU
TO GIVE
IT BACK!



WHEN IS THE LAST TIME
YOU LOOKED UNDER
YOUR BED, MISS
WONG?

MR. SQUEEZY MIGHT
COME BACK IF HE FELT
HE WAS NEEDED. YOU'D
BETTER CHECK UNDER
THERE AGAIN!



THE CHILDREN LIKE
YOU, EVELYN WONG.
THEY TRUST YOU. THEY
KNOW YOU WOULD
NEVER LIE TO THEM.
SO, CONSIDER YOUR
SELF CONSCRIPTED.

N-NO!
GET
AWAY!



KEEP THE STORIES
ALIVE, MISS WONG...

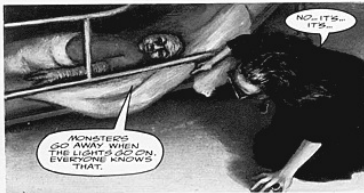
...AS IF
YOUR LIFE
DEPENDS ON IT!



NO!

NO!!

CLICK!



NO... IT'S...
IT'S...

MONSTERS
GO AWAY WHEN
THE LIGHTS GO ON.
EVERYONE KNOWS
THAT.



...GONE.



BUT NOT
FORGOTTEN.



THE END





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In a bizarre summer session in the halls of hell, school is out, but the lessons are just beginning. First period, chart a teacher's journey through the ruthless and boundless imagination's of the children in her class, and a bizarre series of reports on "what I did on my summer vacation."

School was never like this — but horror
ever was. . .

